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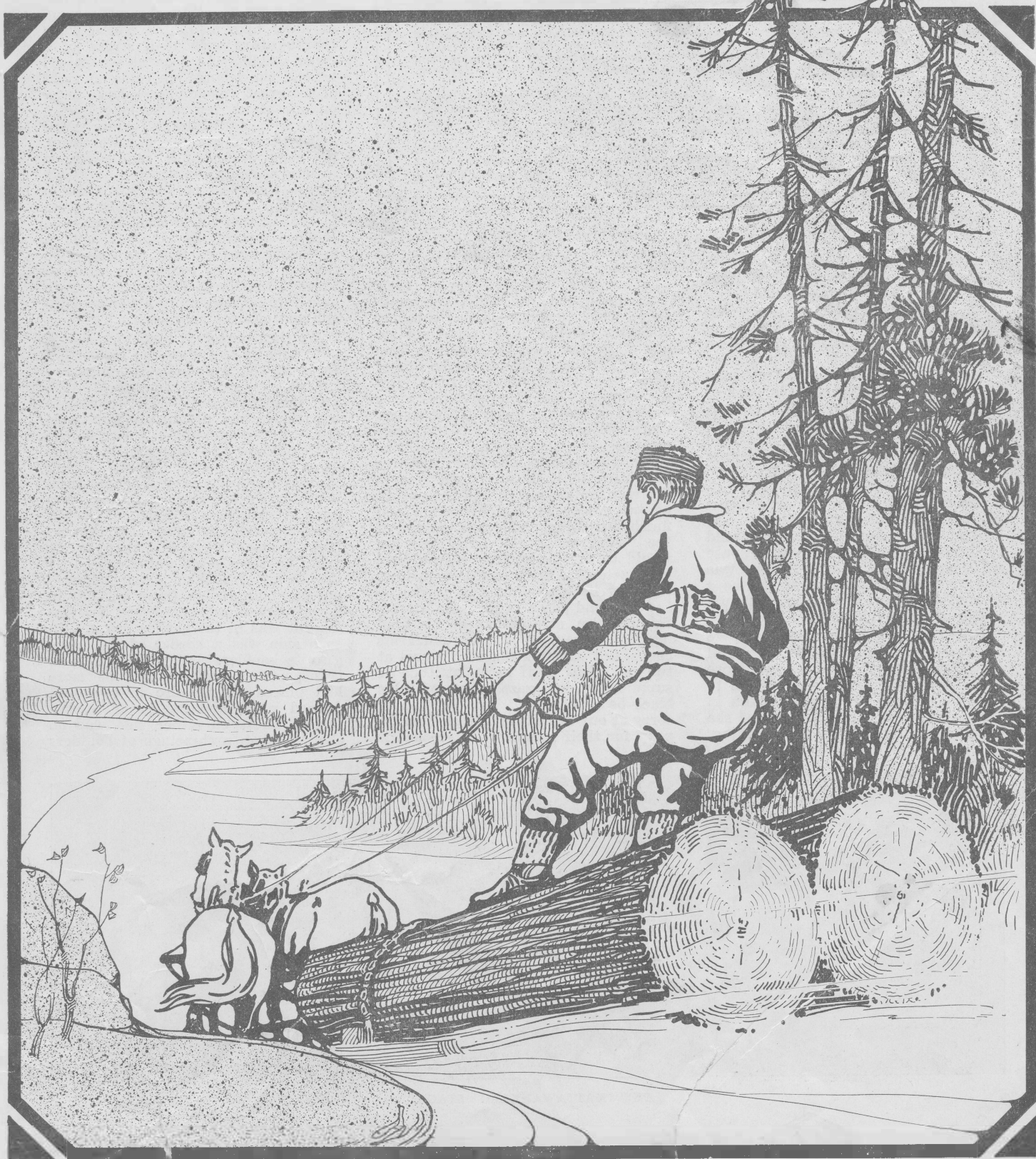
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The NORTHERN

February 1923

Volume 2 Number 11



Some Pioneers of MOOSEHEAD A Story of the Past By F. S. Davenport CHESUNCOOK and MILLINOCKET

WE three—J. P. Moore, F. A. Appleton, and the writer, knew very well what we were about when we started on our excursion; able and distinguished pens—Winthrop, "Life in the Open Air" Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," had traced and illumined the route, so it was clearly outlined to our imagination, but we did not know that, 58 years afterward it would be printed in *The Northern*, and here we are.

This humble pen will be aided by authentic photographs of persons, hotels, camps, and other things, long since disappeared, a collection of more than fifty years, some lately found and others promised in season for the issue in which they belong, and these will tell their own story better than this pen can tell it.

I will whisper that all the events were as stated, yet were not all in the one excursion, but in two over the same route, and are interwoven because important as history, and for other reasons. This explains seeming errors as to dates. I will tell the story, and you may make dates as you please.

PART XI.

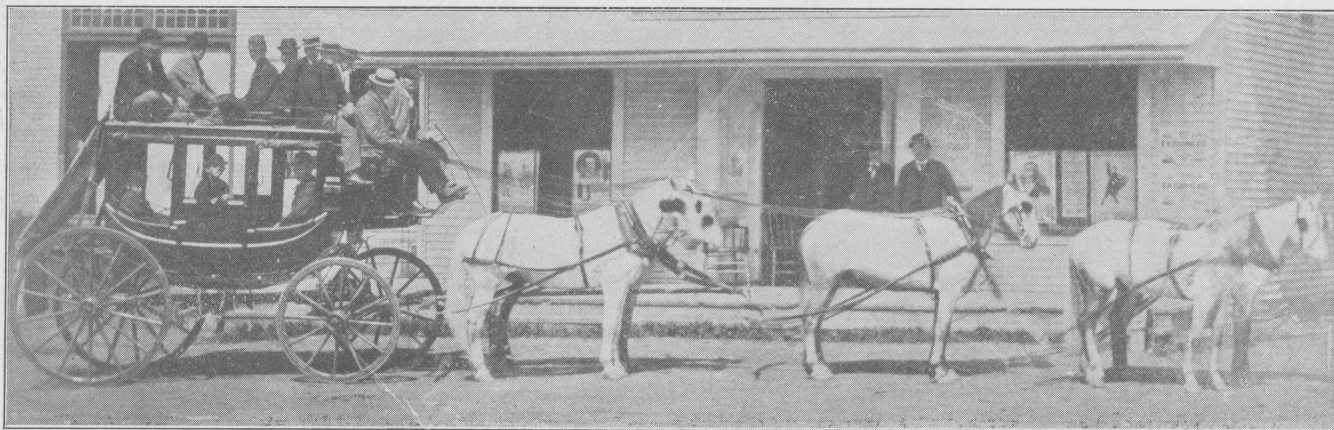
IN perfect harmony with the quiet of our last night in the "Good old Ambejejis House" was the soliloquy or meditation of a dear little chipmunk on the roof. At times it was a snappy hoarse bark—a gentle affectionate crooning—a murmur like the purr of a contented cat—what was he saying, and why? The old house was perhaps his summer cottage, and we had scared him away from it. Perhaps he was suspicious that folks from "down town" were selfish and ill-mannered, would turn a poor innocent chipmunk out of his own house. If he had known how pleased we would be to share it with him, in such space as he might allot to us. No one was disturbed by his meditation, it was a part of the play, ilke other nocturnal music of the wilderness.

Have patience dear chipmunk. We shall go away in the morning and leave your house, and be no more seen. He had always easy access to his house, there was room enough in the chimney for a cow to enter if she could climb down. In the morning,

before breakfast, while the others were packing, I went out and sat on the bench to "look the landscape over and see (as they had missed their way along the Ambejejis thoroughfare) what I could do about choosing a course through it. I could not see the distant shores, they were hidden by the islands. I could see the line of tree tops above them. In a few moments I had the picture clear enough to make a guess at the course and selected a distant point; my compass direction to that point was south, I decided to take a south course and stick to it, if an island was in the way, go around it, and then south again. Then we had breakfast and finished packing. This was the end of the "wilderness," ten miles and we would be at Fowler's carry, we need not hasten. As we took our paddles the dear little chipmunk appeared on the roof and posed in his most attractive position, straight up on his hind legs, his fore-paws curved under his chops, tail standing up, with a curl at the end of it, as if in an attitude of supplication, and gazed at us with his black beads of eyes. Was he glad or sorry at our departure? Do chipmunks pray for their enemies? He looked it

at that moment. We thought it a good omen for us, to be so honored while departing. They were willing enough to take my advice as to the southern course, we proceeded in accordance. After going about two miles, we noticed in shallow places the long eel-grass and aquatic plants waving slowly and bending under the weight of the current that was passing over them in a southern direction. Water runs down hill, the current will of itself take us to the North Twin thoroughfare without a stroke of a canoe-paddle. As soon as we passed beyond the islands we came in sight of the great Pemadumcook Lake away on our right, ten miles long by six miles wide, Gull Rock, all white in the morning sunlight, four miles away, the long Nahmkanta sand-beach, a shining streak stretching entirely across the head of the lake. From that deep lake which has more water in it than two Chesuncook lakes, was coming toward us another and a much stronger current, uniting with the one under us carried us into and through the North Twin thoroughfare at a rate of four miles an hour without any effort of our own.

We then perceived that Jack should have told us to follow the right-hand shore of the Ambejejis thoroughfare till we reached Pemadumcook Lake, and then turn south. The course we had taken was practically the same, took us diagonally through the thoroughfare and brought us to the same point. The North Twin thoroughfare was very different from anything we had seen along any other part of the West Branch, as it has been "flowed out" (as also the old boom house) for more than thirty years by the rise of water caused by the new North Twin Dam, and will not be again visible (save perhaps in a very dry summer). I will describe it as it was in the earlier years. On each side was a border of enormous granite boulders as if giants able to transport such of 20 tons or more had placed them there in two well defined rows, and nearly of a size. Beyond these on either side was no shore, but an archipelago of boulders



THE MATTAWAMKEAG STAGE



Nothing costs less than Civility.



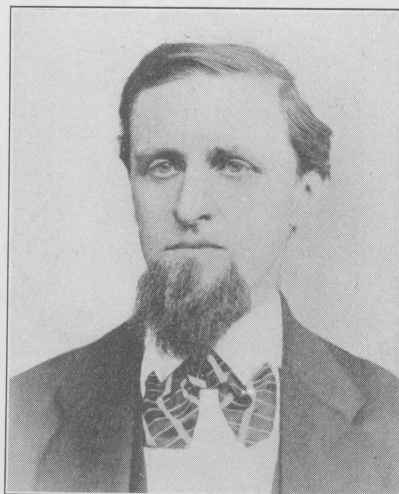
THE FOWLER HOUSE (left)—THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN PAPER MILL (right)—MILLINOCKET STREAM (foreground)

of all sizes for a distance so considerable that one got no impression of a shore at all, but on the right-hand there was a low shore covered with bushes and low trees which could be seen if you looked specially for it. On the left-hand there was no shore, but hundreds of boulders of all sizes and shapes, as far as could be seen, appearing as if, on that side Am-bejejis and North Twin were one lake. Along the bottom of the thoroughfare at a depth of six to ten feet were also boulders, but those were rounded and polished by the floods of countless millions of years.

The passage was short, we are soon through it, the water becomes quiet with no noticeable current. North Twin is four miles long; straight, the entire lake is in sight at a glance. Half way down is South Twin thoroughfare on the right-hand, about two miles long and as wide as the lake, which is seen at the farther end of it. These twin lakes are of the same size, and lie in the same direction. With the thoroughfare they form a letter "H" and so get their name of twin lakes (should have been "Siamese Twins.")

Next on the left-hand we come to a large island, we keep a straight course, at the end of the island we turn to the left into the north twin dam thoroughfare, a mile long, two or three rods wide, nearly straight, with banks just a little higher than the surface of the stream. On the

right bank is a very tall dead tree with an eagle's nest on the top, no eagles are visible. The stream widens at the dam (the old dam) with two sluices and four or five gates. The right hand sluice is dry, the other and the gates have a lot of water passing through them. We take the canoe and baggage into the dry sluice and look over the considerable rapids over which we must pass. We notice a house or camp on the top of a high knoll on the right hand, and

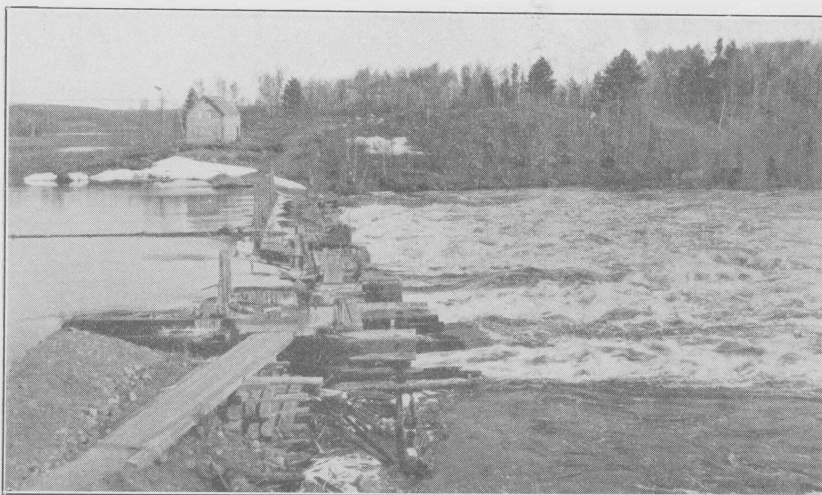


HORACE HAYNES,
Driver of the Mattawamkeag Stage in 1865

have enough curiosity to go up and examine it. It has only one room, on the left hand are four berths (like in a steamboat), each berth has a frame hinged at the top, just fitting the opening, covered with mosquito netting, and can be let down and fastened to keep out black flies and other pests in hot weather, these fill one side of the room. The other side is occupied by a large cook stove, etc. In the middle of the room is a large round center table like the table that King Arthur and his knights sat around and consulted together. From the door of this house looking north is a grand view of Mt. Ktaadn, perhaps the last we shall see of it on this trip. These are comfortable quarters for the men who attend to the dam in the driving season. The sill of the north twin dam is at elevation 465, a fall of 13 feet from the foot of Am-bejejis falls over the 12 miles of lakes and thoroughfares. The pitch below the dam, one mile long has a fall of 27 feet in that distance, at the foot is Quakish Lake at elevation 438.

This considerable rapid has no name, it is the pitch below the North Twin dam. We look it over and decide to lighten the canoe by the weight of one man (myself) who walks along the right-hand shore, while the others run over the falls. Since Fox Hole rips they "had a punch" to run all the falls, and why not? I am taken in at Quakish Lake.





THE OLD NORTH TWIN DAM

Quakish was a swamp, (I know not what it is now). Called a lake, has none of the qualities of a lake, neither length, breadth, or depth. A muddy stream, two miles long and perhaps 20 rods wide, with innumerable small coves all "boomed across" to keep the logs out, a continuous line of booms from one end to the other. When the end of it is reached the head of Fowler's carry stares you in the face, on the right is an elbow turn disclosing the first plunge of Grand Falls which at once disappears around another turn. The elevation is 438, the level of Quakish, the falls are four miles long with a fall of 95 feet in that distance. Fowler's carry cuts across (cat corner) to Millinocket stream which after a distance of two miles empties into Shad Pond near the foot of Grand Falls. We land at the carry and one goes across to get Fowler to haul us; the carry is two miles long, in a little more than an hour the team arrives, we have everything ready to load up. This is the roughest carry we have seen. Imagine the bed of a dry brook full of enormous rocks, which, after being tired of being a brook becomes a road and tired of that returns to its former state, having the vices of both, and none of the virtues, it looks discouraged now, being neither the one nor the other.

Look around and you will see that it is haul over rocks or quit; it is rocks on all sides, dig them up, you will find others under them.

The dear, gentle, patient oxen know from long experience just where to plant their feet, while the sled thrashes around as it best can. I love dumb animals, "according to their lights" they make a far better showing than do human animals. The buckets and bags, though lashed, slide off and we replace them. After passing through the woods and entering Fowler's pasture the road becomes more peaceable. We choose a camping spot on a knoll opposite Fowler's house, have a bunch of hay brought to make a bed. The day before was

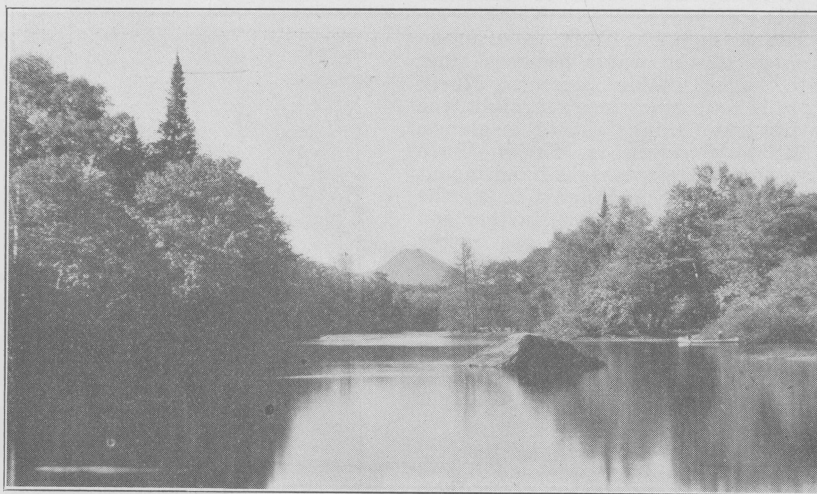
a long day of work and travel, this day we have paddled ten miles, one has walked over the carry three times. We have arrived at the edge of civilization, can have milk, butter, eggs and other things; perhaps a blueberry cake. We would be quiet, re-arrange our menu and leave next morning. Fowler could not let us have much, there were many at his house, including some children.

We took off such things as we would need and had the rest hauled to the foot of the carry on the bank of Millinocket stream; what we retained we could tote ourselves in one trip. The night was without event of importance. In the morning one of us (I will not tell which one, because of the result) conceived the notion of having fried potatoes for breakfast, and fried them himself. No one would eat them, not even the cook himself; the others guyed him, he even guyed himself about it. A flock of sheep was feeding in the pasture within ten rods of our camp. It was advised that he offer his new potato invention to those sheep, the advice was accepted with an air of satisfaction; to have the honor of sampling the

greatest effort of his culinary art would be to the sheep "the time of their lives." He poured them from the frying pan on a suitable spot in the pasture; the sheep watched the performance. Shortly one sheep had curiosity to investigate. What one sheep starts all sheep imitate—"sheep are made that way"—so are humans. It was the highest favor that could befall a sheep. They drew near and cast "sheeps-eyes" at the potatoes, smelt of them, cast very sad "sheeps-eyes" at each other, we thought they were weeping, all at once the leading sheep turned in its tracks and started for the woods. The rest closely at his heels; as fast as their "sheeps-trotters" could carry them they raced across the pasture into the woods and disappeared. Those sheep were never seen again.

These localities, Quakish Lake, Shad Pond, Grand Falls, Millinocket Stream at the time of this story are in Indian Purchase III. The original Fowlers came here in 1833 from Pittsfield, Maine, thence to Brownville, thence to Grand Falls, all the way through woods. They were Thomas Fowler, his wife, Thomas Jr., George W., John F., and Frank M. There were daughters, also. Thomas built a log house on a site a little farther down the hill than the frame house in the photo. Thomas Fowler, Jr., was building a log house on Shad Pond near the mouth of Millinocket Stream in 1847 when Thoreau had him and George McCauslin for boatmen on his trip to Mt. Katahdin. The frame house in the photo was built in 1853, was unpainted whenever I saw it (last in 1877). The Fowlers sold it to Charles T. Powers (now of Medway) in 1882, he remained there until the Great Northern acquired all that tract and more. Mr. Powers added the dormer windows and painted the house white.

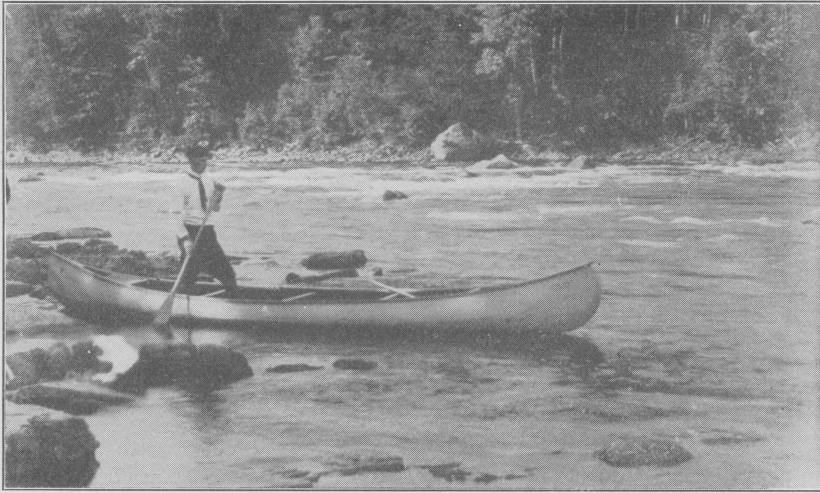
The Fowlers here in 1865 were Thomas and his wife, John F., Frank M. Fowler and wife, and three young girls, children of Frank. Thomas, Jr. was likely at his house at Shad Pond. George W. died in 1863.



VIEW AT NORTH TWIN LAKE



A gentle spirit makes a gentleman.



MILLINOCKET STREAM (FOOT OF THE RIPS)

We had settled with Fowler the night before, there was nothing to do but to tote our few packages to the foot of the carry and start. From our camp site was another grand view of Mt. Ktaadn, surely the last we will have. The last 500 feet of the carry is a very steep descent, starting just beyond the house and ending at Millinocket Stream. The two miles of the stream from the carry to Shad Pond are narrow, shallow, with a slow current now, in spring it is much larger and stronger. At the entrance into Shad Pond the course is to the left, there is some current for a long distance. Shad Pond is not a pond, but a bulge of the West Branch at the foot of Grand Falls. The elevation is 343, which will diminish all along the eighty miles to the tide-water, over all sorts of rips and shallows, and two considerable falls. The final descent of 99 feet is from the crest of the Old Town dam to Bangor. Two miles below Shad Pond are Ledge Falls, the most hateful rips I ever passed over, the ledges set diagonally across the current, there is very little water, once in a while one must get out and push the canoe along, the ledges are slimy, with no foot hold, but go you must, or take the stuff ashore and tote it; at higher pitch it would be all right. The historic George McCauslin house is just below these falls, at the mouth of Schoodic Stream. Thoreau made it historic. George McCauslin was one of his boatmen in 1847.

I wanted to see the McCauslins (if they were at home) and the table that Thoreau wrote about, a new wrinkle to him, but nothing unusual in parts of New England; a table whose top turned up against the wall and revealed an arm chair. We had eaten all we had bought from Fowler. I asked for a few things, while waiting I looked up the chair-table. George McCauslin and his wife were there. The house is not there now, it is East Millinocket; great changes have taken place.

We saw a man driving a horse

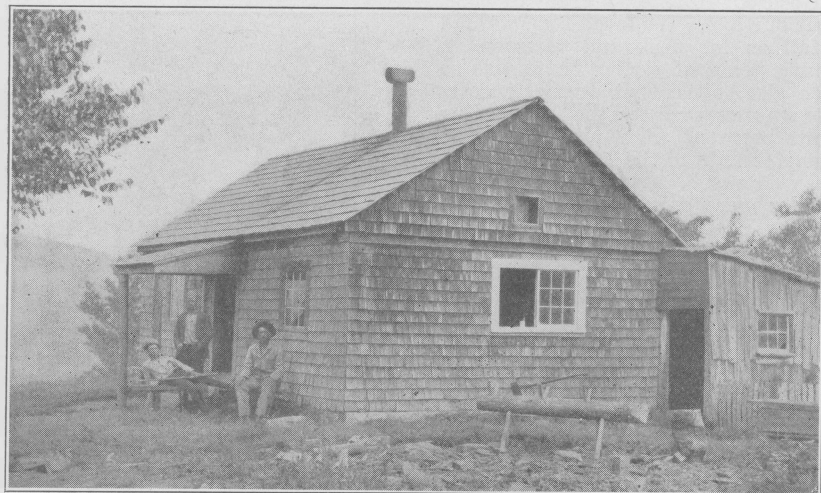
hitched to an open wogan with high wheels. "What is that, did we ever see such a thing before, a real road, a real horse?" It amused us. We had been in the wilderness only three weeks. Such is the influence of environment. Next day (having eaten all our provisions) we saw an attractive farm house perched on a knoll, and proposed to go there and renew our stock; arriving at the back door (the only one used in rural districts) the lady in charge was willing to supply us, we asked the price; being a hard looking lot, we paid in advance with a dollar and wanted no change back. This established confidence, we were invited in to wait while our packages were made up. Our emotions would have been more quiet had we remained outside—because—there were a dozen or more assorted pies, just out of the oven, set around the kitchen to cool. A vision of one pie might not upset us, perhaps, but all those, it was too much. We were speechless, had we not already paid our bill, we could not have done it. "Reason tottered on its throne."

We received our packages in silence, we could not utter a sound. One

corner of our minds operated enough to enable us to lift what remained of our hats, as we turned away from the door-step.

Arriving at the canoe we waited to recover our scattered senses, and start off. The first one able to utter his thoughts murmured faintly, "Do you suppose that she would have sold us a pie?" We made a mistake that we did not stop at Mattawamkeag and go from there by stage. We would have avoided much work, and a lot of dismal scenery. We wanted to see how the main river looked, we saw, yes, but wished we had not. From Shad Pond there is nothing attractive. Up on the bank there may be; we were down in the cut or trough of the stream between high banks, and could see nothing. We saw a few worthless ducks, some small flocks of wild pigeons far out of range. These are not seen in the wilderness, they know better. Once appearing in flocks of countless thousands, this bird is now extinct, or has found a refuge known only to itself. Near Lincoln it looked like rain, we wanted to find a house where we could stay the night. Saw a man near the shore, landed and asked him about it. He said that he lived alone; we could stay at his house if we were content to camp on the kitchen floor. He was a very intelligent man, a little older than ourselves, had a very nice small house, got us a nice breakfast in the morning; we paid him liberally, and felt greatly honored in making his acquaintance, and parted with sincere regret.

It did not rain in the night, the morning was fine, we got away early, it would be ten miles to Passadumkeag. We had decided to quit the river and take the stage; below were ugly falls and rips with very little water, no rain for weeks. We would go on, watch for a place where the road ran along the shore and wait for the stage, or we would catch it at Passadumkeag where it changed horses. Soon after our start we saw on the opposite side of the river one



THE NORTH TWIN DAM HOUSE



THE NORTH TWIN DAM THOROUGHFARE, FROM NORTH TWIN DAM—MT. KTAADN IN THE DISTANCE

of the old stern-wheel steamers laid up, waiting for a rise of water on which to return to Old Town.

We found our place to stop and none too soon. "See that cloud of dust coming toward us? it's the stage, Horace Haynes is the driver. Get ashore and "make a howl," he may see us." Our "long legs" jumped ashore, shouted, waved his hat, and ran. Horace saw us and slowed up.

He was told what we wanted to do, and replied, "Hurry up with your duds; I will put them on somehow; when we get to the hotel, I will stow them better." It was done at high speed. We mounted the box with Horace, and thanked our "Guardian Angel."

"Good old Horace," a crony of ours, about our age. We loved him, wanted to fall on his neck and "dissolve in exstatic tears of joy." There was so much else to do, that dramatic spectacle was reserved for the future. Our spirits were at high pitch. It was a quarter mile to the hotel at "Passadunky Point," we descended, our troubles were over, we would not be drowned on that trip, no more canoe for us. Will relate the dinner and other items in our next and final chapter.

Mr. Jones saw a small boy carrying a big bundle of newspapers under his arm. He felt sorry for the youngster and said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"No," replied the lad; "I don't read them."

A blotter absorbs everything and gives out nothing. Don't be a blotter.



THE GEORGE McCauslin House at Schoodic Stream



THE FOWLER HOUSE AND CLEARING IN 1865

1895

HOTEL WOODRUFF

Sign in elevator:

Wonderful Breakfast..... 50c

Marvelous Luncheon..... 65c

Dinner DeLuxe.....\$1.00

And the funny thing about 'em is, they're pretty good—all of 'em!—*Del.*

When the raisin mash is stewing
And the worm is in the still
There's a pile of gravel waiting,
In the graveyard on the hill.

—*Axidantax.*

MAY IT BE EVER THUS

No north, no south, no east, no west,
But one great nation Heaven blest.

—*Chas. B. Thompson.*



Reward is in the doing.

HOW TO BUILD A CISTERN

By W. G. Kaiser, Agriculture Engineer

CLEAN soft water is always desirable. Practically the only source of soft water is rain water, but the supply cannot be maintained unless a cistern is built to store the water collected during rainy weather.

Above every other requirement a cistern should be watertight but factors such as first cost, and maintenance, should also be considered.

Building a cistern is not a difficult task. In fact any farmer can build his own providing he follows a few simple rules.

The accompanying drawing and description is that of a cistern seven feet square and six feet deep inside measurements and holds approximately 70 barrels.

If possible, it is suggested that the cistern be built at a time of the year when the soil is dry enough to be self-sustaining so the sides of the excavation can be used as form for outside walls. If the soil is sandy and caves the excavation will have to be large enough to permit outside forms to be erected. If the earth can be used for outside forms, a hole only 8 foot square and 10 feet deep is necessary for this cistern. In order to make sufficient footing for the cistern a trench 6 inches deep and 10 inches wide should be dug in the bottom of this hole next to the walls.

The inside forms for the cistern wall which are 6 feet 5 inches high and 7 feet long allowing a concrete wall 6 inches thick, are set up and then covered with close fitting boards, except at the point where the filter is to be built. The filter opening is 2 feet square.

The filter forms are then securely fastened in place. These will consist of one box form 10 by 30 by 38 inches, another 30 by 30 by 38 inches and a third 38 by 54 by 38 inches. The first two are outside and the third inside measurements. The two smaller boxes are fastened within the larger box, making the form for the filter.

Due to the weight of the fresh concrete, all the forms should be securely fastened and braced in order to prevent bulging or possible collapse.

The reinforcement is made of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch round rods which are placed 6 inches apart in both directions in walls, floor, room and manhole or filter cover. These reinforcing rods are put in place before any of the concrete is placed.

After all pipes have been set in their proper places the walls and roof can be made. The forms should not be removed until the concrete has hardened. Ordinarily 10 days or more should be allowed. As soon as the forms have been removed, the floor can be placed.

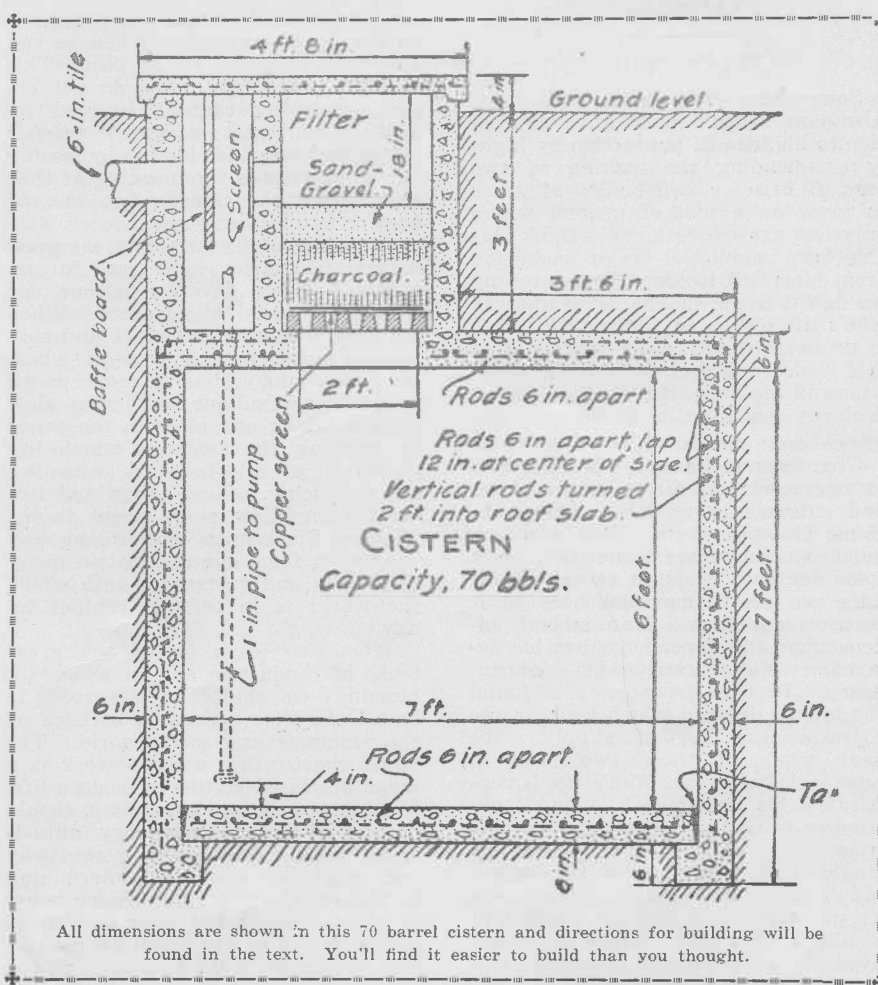
In order to insure watertightness a 1:2:3 mixture is recommended. This means 1 sack of Portland cement to 2 cubic feet of sand and 3 cubic feet of pebbles or crushed rock. The sand should be clean, well graded and vary in size from the smallest particles to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch. The pebbles or crushed rock should be clean and hard, and vary in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Only enough water should be used to make the concrete of a jelly-like consistency. It should be well spaded especially in the walls in order to be sure that the concrete will completely fill the forms and work down around

reinforcement and not make any air pockets.

The filter proper is made of sand, gravel and charcoal and rests on a concrete slab that is full of holes. A copper screen is placed between the filter slab and the charcoal so that the filter material will not work down into the cistern.

In order to insure watertightness it is recommended that the interior of the cistern be given a finish coating of a cement wash made of cement and water mixed until it is about the consistency of thick cream.



AN UNWILLING SCHOLAR

Ma—"Willie, what's your little brother crying for?"

Willie—"Aw! just because he don't want to learn anything. I just took his candy and showed him how to eat it."—Philadelphia Press.

Keep moving—a grave is only a deep rut—don't get into a rut.

The loafer in the organization, like the rotten apple in the barrel, should be picked out early in the season.



Fear nothing but a wrong act.



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on the week of the fifteenth of each month.

Gratis to the fortunate within the pale—gratis to the unfortunate without the pale.

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EDITORIALS

PRODUCTION

Somewhere we have read that Abraham Lincoln once gave expression to his idea of production by highly commending the making of two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow on a plot of ground where only one grew before. We think this has been published as a quotation from him; but looking the matter up we find it to be the saying of another who's life antedated Lincoln's. But it is probable that Lincoln made use of this choice and forcible saying somewhere in his busy life. In any case it declares the Lincoln spirit and ambition.

Creation and its methods and plans of operation sometimes seem riddles and enigmas to us when we try to think through them. But there is much on the other hand that with some degree of thought reveals plainness and really marvelousness as it matches our lives. Man is both independent and dependent; but his dependency far outstrips his independency. In this dependency is found the law of demand which leads to the corresponding law of supply. We hear much of these two laws in economic discussion. Man's needs constitutes his privileges. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," said a wise one who lived before us. A similar statement may be laid down—Man's demand is man's opportunity. To put something into the world that wouldn't have been here had we not lived is our highest privilege and should be, and naturally is, our supremest joy and life. To swing into work and endeavor is to find real life—the abundant life. To lose sight of one's self in one's work is good sense and good gospel. This fact may be readily observed in our physical lives. Good health is best promoted and secured when we forget our ills. This should be done as far as possible. We think it is a well recognized prin-

ciple in all schools of medical and physical treatment that the patient is on the road to recovery when he can forget himself and his ailments. This is good psychology. We do not object to saying that it is good religion. Did not a great teacher affirm that one finds his life by losing it? And what is the meaning of this, if it is not the causing two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow on a plot of ground where only one grew before and the consequent self forgetfulness? When have we had our best bits of personal experience? When we have forgotten ourselves and submerged ourselves in some work which we had to do. Thus it comes to be true that we find our best living when we are taking our place in the world by meeting the demands which life places on us all—in short, when we are producing. Good honest toil like what Longfellow sings about in his "Village Blacksmith" goes a long way in driving from our civilization many of the ills and grievances with which the world is in terrible conflict today.

When we learn better the great truth of production and its attendant blessings we shall find less room to be all the time seeking a revision of the economic and social world. The hours constituting a day's work is a much discussed matter in modern life. We are not saying but that it should be discussed and necessary adjustment made. But in doing this why not establish but one determining factor—production? Not longer hours or shorter hours, but what number of hours will give the greatest production. Of course, the line with all the multiplicity of people and all the vast mass of occupations and vocations is not easy to establish. But a long reach has been made when production has been made the criterion. It is folly and a great economic blunder to adopt hours of work so long that the individual is drained and reduced in his all round strength of manhood. But it is equally as mischievous when hours of labor are so reduced as to

cut the individual's productive output below his best possible result. This in the long run is detrimental to the individual and as a policy is mighty crippling to society with all its needs. May the day speedily come when the bright, guiding star with all shall be, two ears of corn and two blades of grass in place of one.

MAINE HISTORY

We wish to here record a word of commendation concerning the work of a contemporary, Col. J. F. Sprague of Dover. Mr. Sprague has for some years been publishing his *Journal of Maine History*, which has been received with much satisfaction by many readers. He has also been leading a move to have Maine History more thoroughly and completely taught in the Maine schools. We bespeak for him our co-operation in this move and extend to him our congratulations for the spirit which has been aroused.

IDEALS THAT APPLY

It is said that the man who builds a bridge across the river from one overhanging ledge to another must see the completed bridge in his own mind before he starts the construction. It is also said that the sculptor who chisels the angel free from the block of marble must have the vision to see the angle while yet imprisoned within the stone. So, the great of the world tell us, must progress come through our ideals.

No one may speak lightly of ideals. Through a world that clings longingly to its visible forms, to its present goods, ever moves the man of ideals, calling us to achievements for future good. The man who really lives in the love and admiration of future generations is the man who really succeeds in bringing something to pass through his leadership. In the political life of our own Nation, we have had reformers, would-be reformers and great leaders. Examine critically the work of each. We ask ourselves as we study them, why are some of them forgotten except to the record that they have left behind them; and why do some of the names live on through history and in the hearts of future generations? We have the answer, one accomplished nothing worth while for the world; the other did.

Take the life of Washington, or of Lincoln as examples of men who did accomplish. Aaron Burr saw as many visions as Washington; possibly he saw more. Stephen A. Douglas saw as many visions as Abraham Lincoln. Aaron Burr and Stephen A. Douglas are characters in history; their records serve more or less as a background in history against which the work and character of Washington and Lincoln stand out in greater contrast. Why do we observe the birth-days of these two great Americans this month? Why do the pictures of



The noblest mind the best contentment has.—Spencer.

these two men hang side by side in every school-room in the land?

Well, first they were men of ideals! But, their ideals were as nearly unselfish as the ideals of humans ever are. Then, second their ideals were of things possible to accomplish—they could be made to work. The great thing about the work of these great men is that they succeeded! Suppose that Washington's staunch defence of the constitution had ended in failure? Supposing that his ideal of a strong Federal Union had failed? Suppose that in the place of the constitution and the strong central government of Washington, the formless, hopeless thing of Patrick Henry's had come! Would George Washington under those circumstances be called today, "The Father of His Country"? His idea would work when it was applied. Therefore, he is first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Suppose that Mr. Lincoln's ideal of a united country had failed? Suppose the compromises of Clay and Webster and Douglas had prevailed, and the dreams of Abraham Lincoln, locked up in his own mind had never had a birth? Of course he would never have been called great Emancipator. But his ideals were of justice, humanity and right. They worked.

It is not enough to have ideals, it is necessary to have ideals that will apply.

CUXABEXIS LOCALS

A Christmas dinner at Cuxabexis was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Enman, Edgar, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Murphy, Walter Grey and Erbane Richardson. The dinner was prepared and served by Mrs. Enman and Mrs. Murphy, and consisted of roast chicken, dressing, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, boiled onions, bread and "down river butter," plum pudding, sauce, coffee, candy, nuts and raisins. The men enjoyed their "7-24-4's" to the music of "Tin Plates and Dippers." In the evening Edgar, Jr.'s tree was the subject of much excitement, some of the "pulp cutters" thought it the finest they had ever seen, lacking nothing in trimmings, it was heavily laden with bags of various colors, containing candy, nuts, popcorn, oranges, apples, raisins and figs. Among the gifts from Santa Claus was a train of cars, a drum, a bugle, a steamboat, a savings bank, and many other things to make a small boy happy. So if anybody should feel doubtful of Santa Claus just let them ask Edgar, Jr.

L. M. MURPHY.

Mill—"I can't tell whether Ed. is working in a fruit preservatory or a ladies' bath house."

Jill—"How's that?"

Mill—"He writes me that he's drying peaches."



The Linn Tractor purchased by the Great Northern Paper Company, November 11, is still on the toting job from Lily Bay and Greenville to the Northern's various depots and camps. This tractor has proven itself very economical and reliable. It has been run between 2500 and 3000 miles at this writing.

Another Standard Linn Tractor is about to begin work on the Sheehan Operation at Cooper Brook hauling 4-foot pulp. Here the Linn will have opportunity to show its stability as the road is very steep both up and down.

Its daily performance will be watched with interest.

In a recent tryout the tractor made the run from Greenville to the Grant Farm, a distance of thirty miles in record time with the following load on tag-sleds.

LOAD ON LINN TRACTOR

Load No. 1:		
100 Bags Beans.....	10100	
50 Bags Oats.....	4800	
Total.....		14900
Load No. 2:		
61 Kegs Lard.....	7625	
30 Bags Oats.....	2850	
11 Coils Wire.....	1586	
Total.....		12061
Load No. 3:		
14 Bbls. Sugar.....	5178	
16 Bbls. Flour.....	3440	
Total.....		8618
Load No. 4:		
39 Kegs Lard.....	4875	
20 Coils Wire.....	1669	
2 Bbls. Flour.....	430	
20 Bags Oats.....	1950	
Total.....		8924
Grand Total.....		44503

FROM MOTHER—A VALENTINE

By CLARA DRAKE

The postman brought it to me this morn,

A dainty token so fair,
Folded in tissue, and tied and sealed
All with the tenderest care.

The writing I knew, and my eyes
grew dim

As I loosened the knotted twine,
And I kissed the little card which said
"From Mother—a Valentine."

I shook it out from its paper folds,
A bit of the flimiest lace,
That any queen might be proud to
claim,

Since her royal robe 'twould grace.
Each stitch had been taken with
patient care,

Of thread that was gossamer-fine,
To fashion this gift that had come
to me—

"From Mother—a Valentine."

And holding it there in my hand I
saw,

A vision—none dearer could be;
A farmhouse old amidst meadows
white,

Stretching so wide and free.
In the sunniest window a well-loved
face

Wears a smile that seems all divine.
And the dear hands weave, on fairy
loom,

"For daughter—a Valentine."

The loom is a pair of needles bright;
Stitch by stitch the fabric grows,
And each has a love-thought woven in
Far sweeter than any rose.

The wireless message is true and clear
And my eyes with glad tears shine,
As I press my lips to the precious
thing—

"From Mother—a Valentine."



CAUCOGOMOC LAKE TRAVELED BY AUTOMOBILE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY OF THE WORLD

It happened on Saturday, January 6, 1923 on this wise: O. A. Harkness in his Franklin Car left Greenville at 7.15 A. M. for Rockwood via Moosehead Lake (on the ice). From Rockwood he sped to Seboomook via turn-pike and from thence to Loon Stream and on to the head of Caucogomoc Lake. Here dinner was served to him, after which he made the run over the ice to the lake dam at the foot of the lake. Turning the car in the camp yard, he returned by the same route to Greenville, reaching there at about 6.30 P. M. Congratulations, Mr. Harkness.

EVERYBODY WORKS

Mother's in the kitchen
Washing out the bottles,
Sister's in the pantry
Taking off the labels,
Father's in the cellar
Mixing up the hops,
Johnny's on the front porch
Watching for the cops.

—The Reflector.

An editor received a red hot note which consumed him with rage, but here is his reply: "Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, cannot transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. But you, being neither, will understand what I mean."

NEWS FROM THE FORTY MILE

Miss Mable Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lane, has returned to the Forty-Mile Hotel, after a few weeks' visit in Bangor with friends. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Ceelia G. Claire of Orono, formerly a teacher at O. C. school in Orono. They intend to remain during the winter.

* * *

Everything at the Forty-Mile is running in harmony. People are coming and going every day. Among those who were here during the last week, were Mr. Rippe, Mr. Joseph McPhee, and a few others.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lane certainly deserve credit for the work they have done in the past two years.

THROUGH DIFFERENCE

With skirts down to your shins,
Dear girls please have a care,
The men are goin' to notice now,
The way you wear your hair.

—Vivifyer.

DATA ON MAINE TIMBERLANDS

(From State Assessors' 1920 Report)	9,435,271 acres
State Assessors' Valuation for the year 1921 and 1922	\$66,783,418.00
Valuation per acre	\$ 7.078
Total Value on a 70% tax basis	\$95,404,882.75
Valuation per acre	\$10.11

TAXES:

State tax per \$1.00 valuation	.006
County tax, approximately	.00125
Forest District tax	.00225
Total	.00950
\$66,783,418.00 valuation at .00950 rate	\$ 634,442.47
Road tax estimated	90,000.00
Total taxes	724,442.47

FIRES:

One-third of 1% of total area at value \$10.11 per acre (average fire loss for period 1903 to 1920 inclusive)	\$ 318,016.27
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ADMINISTRATION:

Estimated at 4c per acre	\$ 377,411.84
Total operating cost	\$ 1,419,870.58

ANNUAL YIELD:

(a) The annual growth at .15 cords per acre	1,415,290 cords
(b) The annual growth based on 2% of Colby's estimate of the Wild Lands	883,353 cords
(c) The annual cut as reported by the Board of State Assessors for the year 1921	1,382,753 cords
(d) The annual cut as reported by the Board of State Assessors for the year 1920	1,221,234 cords

THE VALUE OF THE DIFFERENT YIELDS

AT \$4.00 PER CORD:

(a) 1,415,290 cords at \$4.00	\$5,661,160.00
(b) 883,353 cords at \$4.00	\$3,533,412.00
(c) 1,382,753 cords at \$4.00	\$5,531,012.00
(d) 1,221,234 cords at \$4.00	\$4,884,936.00

NET RETURNS: Value of Yield Less Total Operating.

(a) \$5,661,160.00 less \$1,419,870.58	\$4,241,289.42
(b) \$3,533,412.00 less \$1,419,870.58	\$2,113,541.42
(c) \$5,531,012.00 less \$1,419,870.58	\$4,111,141.42
(d) \$4,884,936.00 less \$1,419,870.58	\$3,465,065.42

PERCENTAGE OF INCOME:

Based on the value of yield (a) and the total value	\$ 4,241,289.42	
	95,404,882.75	4.4%
Based on the value of yield (b) and the total value	\$ 2,113,541.42	
	95,404,882.75	2.2%
Based on the value of yield (c) and the total value	\$ 4,111,141.42	
	95,404,882.75	4.3%
Based on the value of yield (d) and the total value	\$ 3,465,065.42	
	95,404,882.75	3.6%

TOTAL VALUE TO YIELD 6% INCOME:

Assuming that we have a growth of .15 cords per acre or a net return of \$4,241,289.42 then the value of the land to assure us of a 6% income	\$4,241,289.42
	.06
	\$70,688,156.66
	or \$7.50 per acre



The right man can make a good job out of any job.

DATA ON MAINE TIMBERLAND—Continued

TAXES PER CORD:

(a) Total Tax	\$724,442.47	
Annual yield of	1,415,290	equals \$.511 per cord
(b) Total Tax	\$724,442.47	
Annual yield of	883,353	equals .820 per cord
(c) Total Tax	\$724,442.47	
Annual yield of	1,382,753	equals .523 per cord
(d) Total Tax	\$724,442.47	
Annual yield of	1,221,234	equals .593 per cord

RATIO OF TAXES TO GROSS INCOME:

(a) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Gross Income	5,661,160.00	equals 12.7%
(b) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Gross Income	3,533,412.00	equals 20.5%
(c) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Gross Income	5,531,012.00	equals 13.0%
(d) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Gross Income	4,884,936.00	equals 14.8%

RATIO OF TAXES TO NET INCOME:

(a) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Net Income	4,241,289.42	equals 17.0%
(b) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Net Income	2,113,541.42	equals 34.3%
(c) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Net Income	4,111,141.42	equals 17.6%
(d) Total Tax	\$ 724,442.47	
Net Income	3,465,065.42	equals 20.9%

There are lots of men who go to their work early, but who get at their work late.

A friendship founded on business is better than a business founded on friendship.

The world is full of sunshine; if you don't soak up your share of it, it is your own fault.

Responsibility either makes a man or breaks him.

The man you don't like is a four-flusher; the man you do like is a pusher.

A peanut sat on a railroad track,
Its heart was all a-flutter;
The 4:50 came thundering past,
Toot, toot! Peanut butter.

If you want to make life a harmony, hit the note "Do"!

There is always some one in every organization to whom the boss instinctively turns when he wants something out of the ordinary done—and done right.

No married man need take more than the first two degrees in the lodge room. Friend "Wuff" will put him through the Third when he gets home.—*Vivifyer.*



ROBERT PAGE SPALDING,

Only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Spalding, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Page. "Bill" says there never was one like him. He was born in Hampden Highlands, May 28, 1922.

PERK UP!

Your nose may be battered, your jawbone nicked,

Your visage may be a sight,
But always remember you're never licked

While still you can stand and fight.
No matter how badly they mess your map,

It won't be beyond repair.
And there still is a chance that you'll win the scrap

As long as the punch is there.
You'll make mistakes and you'll do things wrong,

The best of them always do;
But as soon as you get to going strong,
Your grit will see you through.
They smashed Paul Jones to a fare-you-well

But he didn't observe "good-night."
He merely paused in his tracks to yell
That he'd just begun to fight.

There'll be plenty of folks to peddle gloom,

There'll be plenty of folks to say
That they see the terrible day of doom
Hurrying on its way.

But the fellow who knows that the fight is hard,

And still has the nerve to grin,
And never gets rattled and drops his guard,

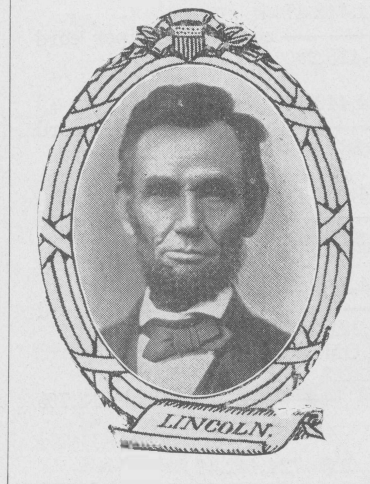
Is the fellow that is going to win!

—*James F. Montague.*

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Toussaint are being congratulated on the birth of a seven and half pound boy—John Harper—born January 23.



LINCOLN THE MAN



The old man drew himself up to a sitting position, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and as he refilled, jamming the fragrant tobacco into the bowl with serious attentiveness, remarked, "I saw Lincoln once when I was a boy."

The company about the open fire in front of the great tent had been talking of great Americans and the things that they have done. The talk, as it always does under such circumstances, had turned to the war President, and one of the fellows had just finished telling a story which he said was told him by a Confederate officer which related a scene at the White House just a few days before the death of Lincoln. The great humanity of the man was so plainly revealed in the narration that we sat or reclined about the fire in a prolonged silence which was finally broken by a remark of the old man. We waited while the pipe was lighted with glowing end of a brand pulled from the blazing pile. Between puffs of tobacco smoke the story went on.

"It was in the first summer of the in passing inside. Here I encountered a great colored man in a uniform, but would go into the city in the late afternoon, in company with other men from our neighborhood, to read the despatches on the bulletin just outside the War Department. The war clouds were gathering, men were everywhere anxious as to what would develop, any news was received with great eagerness."

"Late on the Sunday afternoon of July twenty-first, rumor of a battle between the Federal troops and the Confederate army spread through the neighborhood. The men were anxious to go to the city for authentic news. My father hesitated for some time, my mother being an invalid and especially wrought up over the alarming reports, but finally yielded to the persuasion of the neighbors and the assumed cheerfulness of my mother and departed in company with three or four others."

"I suppose that it was his parting words to me that filled my twelve year old head with notions of grave responsibility, and led in the end to my interview with President Lincoln, for he said as he was going away that I was to take care of mother and look after things while he was away."

"The late afternoon passed into evening, the evening into night, and still the men did not return. Mother was nearly frantic with an invalid's fancied terrors, when a woman, the wife of one of my father's companions, rushed wildly into her room and shrieked out the news that the men had been arrested in Washington and were held on suspicion of being

Southern spies. It was already late into the night, the news was not confirmed, but the men did not return. Remembering my responsibility to the household in my father's absence, I did what I could to console my agonized mother. It was little that I could do, but I crept to a place beside her and held her hand and bathed her forehead as I have often seen my father do. In the first light of the new day she fell asleep."

"I slipped quietly away, left the house and started for Washington. I must have reached the War Department shortly after six o'clock. I found guards everywhere. At the door I was stopped and upon telling the sentinel that my father had been arrested for a spy and was being held, I was told that I could go in. After being stopped and questioned again and again, I was at length admitted to a room and directed to a man in the uniform of an army officer. He unpleasantly demanded to know what I wanted as he saw me approach. I was afraid of him from the first, but I told him my story as best I could for the choking sobs that his manner and my fear of him provoked afresh. He broke in upon my recital with the declaration that he knew all about those fellows, and bringing his fist down upon the table with a loud bang he said that they were a lot of d— spies, and that they were to be shot. He said that he was going to make it his business to clear the city of their kind. I backed away from him and out of the door. The realization that he was drunk made his utterance none the less real or terrorizing to me."

"I suppose that living in the near proximity to Washington, and also hearing discussed the powers of the President that it was a rather natural thing for me to think of appealing to Mr. Lincoln. At any rate I had the notion that if I could only see

the President and tell him my story he could save my father. I realized, however, little of the difficulty to be encountered in getting to the man at the head of our government. The city was in an uproar, confusion prevailed, the battle of Bull Run had been lost by the Union army. Refugees, stragglers and soldiers were pouring into Washington, bringing with them each his own story of the disaster and of the immediate approach of the victorious Confederate army. It is little wonder that the guards stationed everywhere, occupied with the near mad throngs, paid little attention to a child pulling at their coats to attract their attention. I suppose that the pressure of the crowd really helped me in the end. I reached the entrance to the White House at last, but came face to face with the strictest guard of all. At first he absolutely refused to consider allowing me to pass, but as I told him the story of how my father had been arrested and was unjustly charged with being a spy, and was to be shot, another guard who was marching up and down within hearing distance came over and listened to the story, too. I told them that I was sure that no one but the President himself could save my father and that I must see him and secure his help at once for my mother was sick and needed us both at home. They talked aside for a moment and finally the one I talked to at first turned to me and said that I could go in and see if it were possible to get to the President's room."

"My difficulties were not at an end passing inside. Here I encountered a great colored man in a uniform, but not of the army. He ordered me out at once. I repeated my story, so often told that morning, and pleaded to be allowed to see Mr. Lincoln. He relented and directed me through several doors and down corridors where I was faced with another colored man who in his turn held me up and demanded to know how I got in there and what I wanted. When I told him that the guards had let me come in and why I was there, he said, with his thick African speech, that he was going down that corridor a little way and if I could get through that door, indicating one of many doors in sight, while he was not looking he reckoned that no one else would stop me. I acted promptly, and burst through the door with an abruptness that startled the occupants of the room hardly more than the scene which I confronted startled me. It proved to be the breakfast room of the White House, and the President and his family were at breakfast."

"Facing the door through which I entered was a lady—Mrs. Lincoln, I



suppose—who uttered an exclamation of surprise. Sitting with his back to the door was a man who, upon hearing the door slam and seeing the surprise of the lady opposite him, straightened up in such a way as to rear his chair to the back legs, and swinging the chair about on one of those legs, and letting two front legs down to the floor with a loud noise, faced me for a moment in silent astonishment. I was too embarrassed to move or speak. Then he said, 'Well, bub, what do you want?' It was the first time that I had ever heard the expression. I did not know what a 'bub' was. I burst afresh into sobs and tears. I managed to sob out that I wanted to see Mr. Lincoln."

"I must have presented a sorry appearance. I had left home in the early morning without taking time to make myself presentable, the roads were dusty, I had shed tears which I had wiped away with my soiled hands again and again, my clothes were covered with road dust. There I stood, making my sobbing demand to see the President, saying that my mother would die if my father was shot, and that he must help me. With such great kindness that I instinctively obeyed him, he told me to come to him. As I stood by his chair, I was aware of his enormous size, but I was not afraid of him. He took the napkin from the front of his coat and wet it in a bowl of water by his place at the table, washed away the tears and dust from my face and dried it with the other end. He told me that he was Mr. Lincoln, that he was the President, that I was not to cry any more. When I could talk without sobbing, he told me to tell him all about my trouble; which I did with a great sense of everything being alright just as he said that it would be. He asked me many questions about my father, how he came to be in the city, how much I knew about the arrest, what the officer at the War Department had said to me, and many other things. Then he asked about my mother, very kindly. He said he knew that my father must be a very good man, because mother and I loved him so, that he was very sure that my father was not a spy, and that he would see to it that he was not shot. He took a pencil from his pocket, found a piece of paper and wrote a note which he said was to be given to my mother. He called a messenger and gave orders that I was to be taken safely home. He assured me that my father would soon follow me."

There was a long silence. Most of the pipes had gone out. The fire had burned low. Again the "old man" broke the silence.

"I have often recalled that interview," he said. "There were several other persons in the room, but except for the momentary impression of the woman who exclaimed at my entrance, I recall nothing definite of any of them. The one thing that remains

with me and gets bigger with the passing years is the reflection that he had time to be kind to a 'bub.' With two factions of the Nation over which he was set to rule flying at each other's throats, with a defeated army turned back upon the capital city, with enemies seeking his life, with critics in every city of the land, with the nations of the world cat-calling over the back yard fences at the rail-splitting President, he had the time to wash the dirty face of a troubled lad and write with his own hand a message of comfort and assurance to a sick and distracted woman."

OAKLAND, CALIF., Dec. 27, 1922.

MR. MONTFORD S. HILL

Dear Sir:

A Mr. Hunting, living in Bangor, sent me a copy of your paper, "*The Northern*," and I have read it over and over again. I have not had a paper for a long time which interested me so much, for I am well acquainted in that part of Maine. Over 40 years ago I spent the winter there with the Morrison & Hunting Co., both now passed away. I remember well how the Grant Farm looked them days.

I have several pictures that were taken up there, and a fine picture of the house which used to be the headquarters of the Grant Farm. I would like to visit again those old haunts.

Your paper is very interesting to me. The pictures are splendid, and altogether your paper is first-class. What is your subscription? Let me know. Should you ever visit California, hunt me up.

Wishing you a Happy New Year and success for your paper, I remain

Yours truly,

P. L. McINNIS,
5247 Locksly Ave.,
Oakland, Calif.

WILLING TO TAKE CHANCES

Mistress—"So you're going to marry Mike?"

Cook—"Yis, mum."

Mistress—"Are you sure you are not making a mistake?"

Cook—"Well, he's not the best man in the world, to be sure, but if I love him to go how kin I be sure of gittin' another wan? I've been thinkin' about it, an' it looks to me like it's right an' proper to take what ye kin git when ye kin git it. Them that holds off for the big prize has been known to lose the little wans. I think I'll take Mike."

Mr. Newlywed—I've had a hard day at the office, dear, and I'm hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready?

Mrs. Newlywed—No, love, I'm afraid we'll have to go to a restaurant tonight. I've broken the can opener.

POOR RICHARD

(From *The Country Gentleman*)

When Ben Franklin tied a kite string
To a key and lured the lightning
From the sky that stormy day so
long ago,

Never dreamed he all creation
In a future generation
Would be using that some power
for radio.

Wouldn't he have been enraptured
Could he know the force he captured
Would be used to carry voices through
the air?

Just imagine his elation
Up in some broadcasting station
Sending out "Poor Richard's Say-
ings" everywhere!

MILLARD F. BOTKIN.

BY PROXY

Brawn (to *dentist*)—"I won't pay anything extra for gas. Just yank the tooth out, even if it does hurt a little."

Dentist—"I must say you are very plucky. Just let me see the tooth."

Brawn—"Oh, I haven't got any toothache; it's Mrs. Brawn. She'll be here in a minute."

SIMPLE

A little girl from the city had been visiting in the country, and was being questioned as to what kind of a time she had. Finally someone said, "I bet you don't even know how to milk a cow."

"Bet I do," she said.

On being pressed for particulars as to how it was done, she replied: "You take the cow into the barn and give her some breakfast food and water, and then you drain her crankcase."

Bob Moore, Tractor Driver on the Greenville side, has of late been laid by with sickness.

WHAT THRIFT IS

I am peace of mind.

I am stored-up contentment.

I am freedom from worry and fear.

I am common sense applied to living.

I am discipline in youth and rest in old age.

I contribute to health, efficiency and confidence. I am the enemy of "rainy day" dread, the foe of want.

I put people in a position to take advantage of their opportunities.

I am better than a health resort, and more soothing than a needed vacation.

I mean better opportunities for your children, and a position of respect in your community.

I increase the confidence of young men, and enable them to mount on the ladder of success.—*Wroe's Writings*.



W. B. D. SEC. No. 3,
NORCROSS, ME., JAN. 10, 1923.

Editor Northern,
Bangor, Me.

Dear Sir:—

It has occurred to me that if it were possible for each Operation to have a "Personnell" column in *The Northern* it would be of much benefit and interest to its readers.

Time and time again we so often hear the question asked, "I wonder where John Brown or Sam Smith is?" The answer usually has the negative form although it is quite likely that the subject of the interrogation is employed somewhere with the Great Northern.

Would not the appreciation and gratitude of the employees well pay for the efforts put forth by each Operation in preparing a "Personnell" column?

I submit herewith a small offering from this Operation and trust that you will have it published, if practicable, in the February issue of your paper.

Very truly yours,

H. L. MANNING, Clerk

This is a good suggestion. It is just what "*The Northern*" desires. We hope the operations will organize into a "news bureau" and appoint some one to send to the office each month the local news. Anything that will interest and not offend is gladly received.—EDITORS.

GLEAMINGS FROM NORCROSS

Under the general supervision of Mr. O. A. Harkness all buildings at North Twin Dam are undergoing extensive repairs. Mr. B. B. Mitchell is his selection as foreman and the crew is made up of the following men:

Capt. George Jamieson of East Machias, rigger and carpenter. A grand old man in age, but a Broadway chicken in action.

George W. Haley of Milo, carpenter. A father of twelve and not a gray hair in his head. George's story about a wildcat is hard to beat.

Carl Tolman of Bangor, carpenter. A distinguished gentleman, comfortably situated financially, single and would marry if the right young lady would appear. Only those, however, of the following description need appear: Color of hair doesn't matter; height, 5 ft. 6-8 inches; weight, 125-35; must be decidedly attractive with a form similar to Venus de Milo; she must be a snappy dresser and exceptionally clever. If any reader knows of such a "personage" kindly communicate with the clerk of this Operation.

Aleck Crawford, carpenter, of Lewiston, Jackman, Waterville, Danforth, Bangor and Millinocket. Aleck is the life of this organization. He possesses a great memory, is a clever story teller (truthful or otherwise) and naturally witty. Had he lived in the olden days Aleck would have been the envy of all court jesters. If truth were made of rubber he would be able to stretch it to Frisco and back without breaking it.

Christopher Gallant of Bangor, carpenter. A very quiet dispositioned man of middle age—never enters into any arguments—very seldom speaks only when spoken to. A corking good listener and a bear for work. All of us are his friends and he is a friend to us all.

Fulton (Shorty) Ainsbury of Amherst, N. S., general helper. If there is anything that "Shorty" would rather do than cut wood, I am certain it would be reading.

Walter Dickey of Millinocket, cook. Walter knows the way to a man's heart and he sure does make good use of his knowledge. Pages could be written regarding his acquired art but space prohibits. He believes that "variety is the spice of life" and maybe we don't get some variety.

Robert Luttrell of Milo, carpenter. An ideal family man and a firm believer in the maxim, "Live and let live." Much could be written about his excellent character and goodwill toward all.

John Turner of Bangor, carpenter. John possesses the smile that won't come off and I dare say that it would take quite a man to knock it off. His recreation consists of playing sixty-three, checkers and knocking out a few steps while the Victrola plays.

Millard Rankin of Norcross, painter. A talented musician who has mastered the violin, piano and saxophone. It is a real treat to listen while he plays the combination of piano and violin or piano and saxophone at the same time. Whenever you meet Millard his salutation will be, "Hello there, how's the boy."

Bert Mitchell of Milo, foreman. A pretty good old scout. His one bad habit is devouring "Johnnie cake." He fits in with the chef and therefore gets it three times a day (nit.) Next to "Johnnie cake" Bert likes onions best. Once in a while you find him with one tucked away in one of his pockets.

* * *

As this Operation draws to a close it is the desire of each and every individual thereof, to express through the columns of *The Northern*, their

appreciation and gratefulness for the many courtesies extended us by the following residents of Norcross: To Mr. J. B. Crocker, station agent, for his co-operation and good fellowship; to Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fowler for the dances and entertainments held in their household; to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Spencer for the musical concerts at their home. We regret that it is necessary to leave these good friends behind and hope for the day when we shall all meet again.

* * *

Charles Hale has taken leave from Norcross for Debsconeag, where he will spend most of the winter.

* * *

After spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fowler, Miss Helen, John and George returned to Higgins Classical Institute for the second term.

* * *

Mrs. Dickey, mother of Walter Dickey, returned to Bangor after a stay of several weeks at Norcross.

H. L. M.

CLASSIFIED

It was the Judgment Day, and throngs of people were crowding around the Pearly Gates trying to convince St. Peter that they were entitled to enter Heaven.

To the first applicant St. Peter said: "What kind of a car do you own?"

"A Packard," was the reply.

"All right, said St. Peter, "you go over there with the Presbyterians."

The next in line testified that he owned a Buick, and was told to stand over with the Congregationalists.

Behind him was the owner of a Dodge, who was ordered to stand with the Baptists.

Finally a meek little individual came along.

"What kind of a car do you own?" was the question.

"A Ford," was the answer.

"You just think you own a car. You go over there with the Christian Scientists."

SMILING

You might as well keep smilin',
For there ain't a bit o' sense
Of fidgetin' an' rilin',
An' a-lonin' too intense.
For most things worth the gettin'
Are sure to find the place,
When you're peaceful an' a-settin'
With a smile upon your safe.

—Contributed.



They truly mourn that mourn without a witness.—Byron.

Bangor Office Locals

Ira C. Beal is back in the Accounting Dept. after an absence of a few years.

* * *

The third Northern Assembly will be held in Society Hall, January 30th. Music by Harold Miller's orchestra.

* * *

David John Nichols has accepted a position in the Accounting Dept.

* * *

Emile Binette has recently been employed in the Accounting Dept.

* * *

Hon. Chas. W. Curtis, our Purchasing Agent, is sojourning in Augusta, he being a representative to the Legislature from Brewer.

* * *

She—I was just introduced to your wife.

He—What did she say?

She—Nothin.

He—Then you're mistaken.

* * *

John's quit smoking,

So has Bill;

They smoked last

In a powder mill.

* * *

AN ESSAY ON FROGS

The Chicago Board of Education has caused a classic essay to be immortalized in type. It's about frogs, and was written by a young Norwegian. The Essay: "What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit, almost, when he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail, hardly, and when he sit he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

* * *

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

* * *

CONUNDRUMS

The answers to which will be given in the next issue.

1. What must always be made in a hurry?

2. What has four legs and only one foot?

3. Why is the letter "D" like a cross baby?

4. How can we prove that Noah had beer in the Ark?

5. What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt?

6. How many soft boiled eggs could Goliath eat on an empty stomach?

7. What is the best material for airplanes?

AMERICA'S SAFETY ENTRENCHED IN HER PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL CENTERS

The Builders of the Nation were not wiser in anything than in the determined purpose of education. Our schools are a strong arm of the Republic. We may, as American citizens, feel a thrill of satisfaction when we hear such sentiments issuing from the schools as those contained in the following clipping taken from the issue of the *Portland Sunday Telegram* of January 21:

14-YEAR OLD GIRL ON AMERICANISM

Bangor Student Writes Her Interpretation.

BANGOR, Jan. 20—(Special)—What is believed to be one of the best interpretations of Americanism, as taught in the schools in Maine, is a short theme prepared by Margaret D. Smith, 14 years old, a student in the Charleston school. The article was written during one 10 minute study period. The subject is: The Real American, and is as follows:

The very word America is the creed of a patriot. To be a real American means to love and honor your country; to hold high its name and honor; and to do that which, in the eyes of the world, makes it a real nation.

As never before have we, the United States, had such a chance to be proud of our country. Never before has Europe looked upon us with such high regard.

The world was practically saved by America in the Great War. The onset to Paris was stopped and France saved by our soldiers.

No greater tribute was ever paid to our military power than when our enemy said of us, "The war was won by the Americans. No army on this earth could stand against the oncoming tide on the battlefields; soldiers who fought, not for pay, but a thing so much greater and nobler than the very cause was enough to win—they fought for their country's honor."

At the end of the war our boys came home bearing with them unstained victory; but Europe was in ruins, France a ravaged land, England without men, and Belgium a land of desolation.

Now, slowly, Europe is coming back into her own by the aid of the United States, and she looks to all America for life.

So, Americans, accept the challenge; show the Old World what it means to be a patriot, what it means to be an American.

The man whom you don't like made his money dishonestly; the man you do like is a wizard of finance.

Here and There

Mr. Clarence Sargent has a crew of about thirty-five men building a dam at Debsconeag. J. H. Mortell is clerking the job.

* * *

Theodore Thomas is attending St. Michaels University at Burlington, Vt.

* * *

Gene O'Connell is assisting F. L. Street in clerical work at the Machias Operation.

* * *

Mr. O. A. Harkness recently made a trip to Springfield, Mass., to inspect a Tractor which is manufactured in California.

* * *

Mr. L. A. Page is at the Machias Operation and is located as time keeper at McNally Pond, where James McCleary is building a dam.

* * *

W. D. Page has been in Boston of late looking over some equine flesh. Mrs. Page accompanied him and is visiting in Somerville.

* * *

A. L. Misho, of the Telephone Force recently sustained the loss of his father. Mr. Misho made a trip down river to attend the burial services.

* * *

Four horses were lately lost on Rainbow Lake by going through the ice. And a Holt Tractor went through the ice at Cuxebeix recently.

* * *

Guy Baker is repairing the dams in the Rainbow region.

* * *

Hugh Desmond has gone to Penobscot Lake to engage in clerical work there.

* * *

Bob Irving is assisting at the Grant Farm office.

* * *

S. E. Emmons is at present at Lily Bay.

* * *

The crew of Engineers who has been for some time at the Chesuncook Boom House engaged in flowage work has moved out and George McGuire is now occupying the Boom House.

* * *

They report that Arey of the Greenville Shop is now wearing two neck ties.

* * *

Four Holt Tractors have been taken to the Caxebeix Operation for the purpose of hauling wood.

* * *

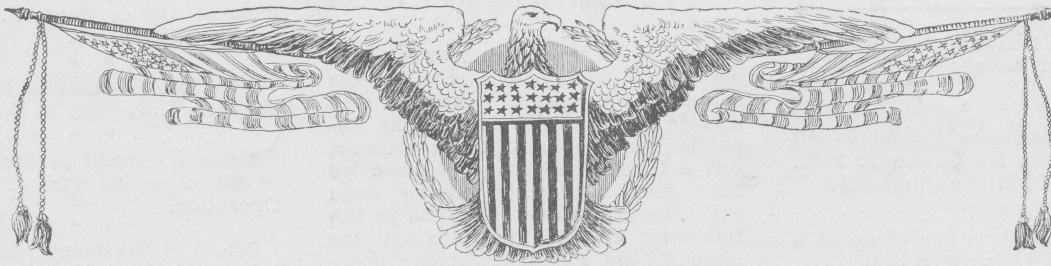
Hearts is a favorite game at Caucogomoc Lake, so we are told.

* * *

Mr. Ernest A. Carter of Portland, a slight of hand performer and magic entertainer, is visiting some of the Operations in the next few weeks. Mr. Carter has an enviable reputation in his line and comes to us highly recommended.



It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer talks.



Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg



Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

